

Rich. I no; no, I for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vniuersall Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balmie,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all durtious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forweare;
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acks, Deere, and Statutes I denie;
God pardon all Oathes that are brake to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee,
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleas'd that hast all achieu'd,
Long mayst thou liue in *Richards* Seat to sit,
And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God saue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grievous Crimes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State; and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weau'd-up follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the depasing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damnd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Crosse;
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraignie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no nans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, nor that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worn so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue;
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.
North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glass doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou tormentest me, ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrg it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: He reade enough.
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glass.
Giue me that Glass, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow stricken
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh, flatering Glass,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face.
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shiuers,
Marke silent King, the Morall of this spoyle.
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within;
And these externall manner of Laments,
Are meere shadows, to the vnsence Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that dost onely giue
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. He begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King;
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Abbot. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect

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What euer I shall happen to deuile.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-love Teares.
Ah, thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why shouldst hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the fencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will moune in ashes, some coale-black,
For the depasing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthe Danger, and deserued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuor'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frō heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:

Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.

Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, y Way being short,

And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brieue,

Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:

One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.

So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

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Yorke. Then